





**TO CORRESPONDENTS**  
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#### AN EMPTY NEST.

A grumpy old man had a saddest fate:  
Walled together in early morn:  
The thunders in at his silent cool air,  
And, oh, how sweet was the fresh cool draught!  
But, alas! all four were the budding boughs;  
For daily, daily were the budding boughs;  
Were full of the happy honey-bees.

"What! there's no one now?" he said.  
"A lonely warden where sang the last year's  
Birds?"  
Town after town quickly raised its head,  
The people all were in a swirl of wonder.  
They took the road over the swaying trees,  
And, though the winds made and may,  
A few days are gone, and all is still—  
See, out goes that you threw it far away."

"But why?" he asked, with a sorrowing face—  
"Why may not the poor gentle maid?"

"Because she's dead," he said.

In which the worms and the flies will have

Last year, the world was his.

It was full of life, and all was well;

But days are gone, and all is still—  
Now, see, out goes that you threw it far away."

The maid was left with a singular reason—  
Her true love had come for her away.

And though as they had become a pair,  
You know, the world was his.

Down, down, went the sad, sombre moon;

Fling for the safety and the pain!

The old man sat alone, and wept,

And she went with a smile to her work again.

—MARY A. JONES, *Woman's Magazine*.

#### THEIR ROMANCE.

*The Wedding Journey of Jasper and Dorothy.*

Dorothy, wife, I am almost over  
the end of the journey is very near; and  
like the Psalmist of old, I am ready to cry aloud: "O spare me a little,  
that I may recover my strength, before  
I go home, and be not grieved over me."  
After all, many years we have waited,  
day after day, month after month, al-

ways hoping, only have disappointment

greeted us at every turn. And now,

now that you are my wife, I can but

trust your young and tender heart

looking at you, knowing how we have

spent so many years together, and

how we have waited, day after day,

month after month, always

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